

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck All Y'all"

[Sample:]

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Ha ha ha... hey man fuck all y'all... fuck all y'all
I don't need nobody
Fuck 'em... fuck all y'all (fuck all y'all)

Money gone fuck friends, I need a homie that know me
When all these motherfuckin' cops be on me
I got problems, ain't nobody callin' back
Now what the fuck is happenin' with my ballin' cats?
Remember me? I'm your homie that was down to brawl
Sippin' Hennessy, hangin' with the clowns, and all
We used to do is drink brew, screw and common knew
We had bitches by the dozens, we fuckin' cousins
You can throw your middle finger if you feel me, loc
A nigga just got paid and we still was broke
It took time, but finally the cash was mine
All the rewards of a hustler stuck in the grind
Look around, and all I see is snakes and fakes
It's like scavengers, waitin' to take a hustler's place
And when you stuck, where the fuck is all your friends?
They straight busted and can't be trusted; fuck y'all!

[Sample:]

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Fuck all y'all
Fuck all y'all

I'm sippin' Tanqueray and juice and what's the use
'Cause I'm a hopeless thug
Ain't no love reminiscin' on how close we was
Way back in the day, before they put the crack in the way
And hey, how much money can you stack in a day?
It's gettin' rough, collect calls from my niggas in cuffs
I recollect we used to ball, now just living's enough
I stand tall in the winter, summer, spring or fall
"Thug For Life" sprawled all across the wall
And all about my dollars make me wanna holla
Drop an album, sell a million, give a fuck about tomorrow
I know it's gettin' crazy after dark, these marks
Keep on huffin' and puffin', ain't no fear in my heart
What's goin' on in the ghetto? Still struggle and strive
I still roll with the heater, smokin' chocolate Thai
In '94, I'll be goin' solo
Too many problems of my own so I'm rollin' dolo; fuck all y'all!

Huh, pardon me!

[Sample:]

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got.."

Fuck all y'all
Fuck all y'all ...fuck all y'all

I went from rags to riches
Quick to socializin' with the baddest bitches
Went from a bucket to a rag with switches
I'm seein' death around the corner
I'm bumpin' "Gloriaaaa," doin' 90 'cause I wanna
I'm gettin' high, and like I said, it was some chocolate thai
Mixed with some Indonesia, watch me fly
And even though I know the cops behind me
Hit the weed and I continue doin' 90
Until I get caught, another ticket get to kick it in court
Fuck the law, give a shit, I'm even worse than before
I know they wanna see a nigga buried
But I ain't worried, still throwin' these thangs
Got me locked in these chains
And hey, nigga, what the fuck is you wailin' 'bout?
Soon as I hit the cell, I'll be bailin' out
And when I hit the streets, I'm in a rush to ball
I'm screamin' "Thug Life!", nigga, fuck y'all!

[Sample:]

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I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

That's right fuck all y'all man
Fuck all y'all
That is right, I don't need nobody
Fuck all y'all
Fuck all the hard copies daily news
Fuck the bitches, the tele news, New York Posts, all those motherfuckers
Fuck all y'all
Fuck 'em